

A most Notable Example of an Ungracious Son

who in pride of his heart denied his own Father, and how forlorn is offence, turned his Meat to loathsome Toads.

To the Tune of, Lord Derby.



A searching famous Chronicles,
it was my chance to read,
A worthy Story strange and true
whereto I took god head:
Betwixt a Father and a Son,
this rare Example stands,
Which well may move the hardest hearts
to weep and wring their hands.
A Farmer in the Country liv'd,
whose substance did excell,
He sent therefore his eldest Son,
in Paris for to dwell.
Where he became a Merchant man,
and Traffick great he used,
So that he was exceeding Rich,
till he himselfe abused:
For having now the world at will,
his mind was fully bent,
To Gaining Wine and Wantonness,
till all his Goods were spent:
Yet through excessive Riotuousness,
in him was shewed forth,
That he was thre times more in Debt,
than all his wealth was worth.
At length his Credit quite was crackt,
and he in Prison cast,
And every man against him then,
did set his Act on fast:
Then he lay lockt in Irons strong,
for ever and for aye,
Unable while his life did last,
His grievious Debt to pay.

And living in this woful case,
his eyes with tears he spent,
The lewdness of his former life,
too late he did repent:
And being void of all relief,
of help and comfort quite,
Unto his Father at the last,
he thus began to write:
Bow down a while your heedful ear,
my loving Father dear,
And grant, I pray, in gracious sort,
my piteous plaint to hear;
Forgive the foul offences all
of your unworthy Son,
Which through the lewdness of his life,
hath now himselfe undone:
O my good Father, take remorse,
on this my extremest,
And succour his distressed case,
whole heart for wo doth bleed:
In direful Dungeon here I lye,
my feet in Fetteres fast,
Where my most cruel Creditors,
in Prison have me cast.
Let pity therefore pierce your breast,
and mercy move your mind,
And to release my misery,
some shif dear Father and,
My chiefe cheer is bread full brown,
the boards my softest Bed,
And flinty stones my pillows serue
to rest my troubled head.



My Garments all are worn to rags,
 my body starves with cold,
 And creeping vermine eat my flesh,
 most grievous to behold:
 Dear Father, come therefore with speed,
 and rid me out of thrall,
 And let me not in Prison dye,
 Sir for your help I call:
 The god old man no sooner had
 perus'd this written scroll,
 But trickling tears along his cheeks,
 most plenteously did roll:
 Alas my Son, my Son, quoth he,
 in whom I joy'd most,
 Thou shalt not long in Prison lie,
 whatever it may cost.
 Two hundred head of well fed Beasts,
 he changed into Gold,
 Four hundred quarters of good Corn,
 for Silver eke he sold:
 But all the same could not suffice
 this hanious fact to pay,
 Till at the last constrained was,
 to sell his Land away:
 Then was his Son released quite,
 his Debe discharged clean,
 And he as like and well to live,
 as he before had been:
 Then when his loving Father dear,
 who soz to help his son,
 had sold his living quite away,
 and eke himself undone:
 So that he liv'd poor and bare,
 and in such extrem need,
 That many times he wanted food,
 his hundreth Corps to fed.

His Son mean time in wealth did grow,
 whole substance now was such,
 That sure sir in the City then,
 few men were found so Rich
 But as his Goods did still increase,
 and Riches it did abide,
 So more and more his harded heart,
 did swell in hateful pride,
 It fell out upon a time,
 when ten years woe was past.
 Unto his son he did repair,
 for some relief at last:
 And being come unto his house,
 in very poor array,
 It chanced so that with his son,
 great store should dine that day:
 The poor old man with Hat in hand,
 did then the Porter Pray,
 To shew his son, that at the Gate
 his Father there did stay:
 Whereat this proud disdainful wretch,
 with taunting speeches said,
 That long ago his fathers bones
 within the Grave was laid:
 What Rascal then is this? quoth he,
 that staineth thus my state,
 I charge the Porter presently,
 to dñe him from my Gate.
 Which answere when the old man heard,
 he was in mind dismay'd,
 He wept, he wail'd, and wrung his hands,
 and thus at length he said:
 O cursed wretch and most unkind,
 and worker of my woe.
 Thou Monster of Hell,
 and eke thy far

ha'e I been careful of thy case,
 maintaining still thy State,
 And dost thou now most doggedly,
 enforc me from thy Gate,
 And have I wrong'd thy Brethren all,
 from thall to let the tree,
 And brought my self to Beggers State,
 and all to succour thee!
 Woe worth the time that first of all
 thy body I spy'd,
 Which hath in taedness of thy heart,
 thy Fathers face deny'd,
 But now behold how God that time,
 did shew a wonder great,
 Even when his Son and all his Friends
 were sitting down to meat:
 For when the fairest Pye was cut,
 a strange and dreadful case,
 Most ugly Toads came crawling out,
 and leaped in his face:
 Then did this wretch his foul conse^ses,
 and for his father sent,
 And for his great ingratitude,
 full soze he did repent.
 All vertuous Children learn by this,
 obedient hearts to shew,
 And honour still your Parents dear,
 for God commandeth so.
 And think how he did turn his Meate
 to poysous Toads indeed,
 Which did his fathers face deny,
 because he stood in ned.

F. P. A. S.
 Printed for Alex. Milbourn at
 the Sign of the Cross